



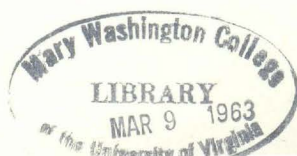
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The Hatchetman of Willowlawn

Frances Collins, '63

The soft and slightly rolling hills of Willowlawn Academy were situated on the edge of a small New England town. Brick paths stretched like rosy ribbons connecting the various buildings. Trees shaded these walks, the buildings, and the lawn. There was a cluster of academic buildings in the center of the campus, each adorned in the emerald satin of ancient ivy. Two dormitories were located on the south side. These century-old sleeping quarters were also dressed in thick, green. On the eastern portion of the campus lay the athletic field, tennis courts, and a small lake.

This was one of the elite academies. If followed suit that the elite sons of elite families should be enrolled. The boys were the gay, sophisticated prep school breed, junior ivy leaguers. Their clothes, their speech, their values and even their toothpaste were props in the ivy league role. *Avant garde* literature was the creed; the nearby schools for young ladies and sports were the way of life.

The faculty was composed of two castes. In one corner, venerable and heavily-degreed "big names" bathed themselves daily in self-satisfaction. Each member of this group gloried in his position at the old, distinguished school. On the other side of the fence sat the dissatisfied and caste-conscious, leeringly contemptuous of their surroundings. Envy and disgust had etched deep lines on their faces and had left their eyes hollow and staring. These two groups were in continual disagreement; heated arguments were their life blood.

The over-all way of life, however, was traditional. The Willowlawn way trampled shocking and unpleasant items as they arose. It smothered anything that might blemish the honor of the academy. Scandal was a word found only on the pages of a dictionary. Four years of exposure to the Willowlawn way guaranteed a young gentleman.

This theory was badly shaken by one Edward Davis Taney. Medium height, slight build, with hair and complexion of the same dull yellow composed his physical makeup. The boy's saving features were startling blue eyes and an innocent, disarming smile. Behind those bright myopic eyes and within the finely shaped head lay the I. Q. of a genius. Edward gloried in this superior interest above everything else. Neither popularity, deftness at sports, fashionable dress, nor any of the other status symbols made the slightest impression upon this heir to millions. The Taney boy was not respected; he was held in awe for his agilities as an organizer.

Edward could never embrace the Willowlawn way. Hating it from its introduction, he spent several weeks in pensive brooding. His body behaved in a mechanical fashion, but his mind raced for a solution to the distasteful problem. This young boy worked at everything in a slow, methodical procedure. He resembled a scientist viewing an object beneath the powerful lenses of a microscope.

Slowly Edward became master of the situation. His first project was to enslave the student body. He did homework, solved

difficult and annoying problems, loaned money, thus gradually making the importance of his presence felt by a majority of his classmates.

Edward became a by word whenever the slightest hint of trouble appeared. "Edward will know" became the phrase on campus this year, for defeat was not in the future millionaire's vocabulary. His calm manner when all about him were wild with excitement was his trademark. He wanted dependence and obedience. He knew that as dependence became greater and greater, obedience followed. Edward went about his plans in a cold and calculating way. His ultimate goal was enslavement, and he observed his conquests with the barest trace of a smile on colorless lips.

The subservient behavior of the student body to the Taney boy began to irritate and annoy Headmaster Roger M. Dibble. He was a stout man who enjoyed the pleasures of good food. He was also a great admirer of a certain British actor; Dr. Dibble fancied that his resemblance to Charles Laughton became more and more evident with each passing year. His clothes, his hair comb, and even his manner of speech were all patterned after the English movie-maker. The clipped British accent was both a source of amusement and annoyance. Many muffled titters could be heard in assembly whenever the headmaster spoke, and for several days after one of his speeches there was a bit of old England on the tongues of the student body. The faculty at Willowlawn became short-tempered with the headmaster's diction. He seemed to caress every word while forming it on his pinkish, loose mouth. Roger M. Dibble fell neatly and concisely into the category of the "snob" and well-padded tummy.

caste. He could not see beyond the expanse that formed his large

That his well bred old family boys would allow themselves to be victimized, even though it were by one of their peers, caused Roger M. Dibble to flare his nostrils in disgust. The situation was vulgar; it was not the Willowlawn way. He would deal with the problem quickly and finally. His first course of action was to send for the boy.

Edward's frame stood erectly in the doorway of the headmaster's office. He cleared his throat loudly to announce his presence. The head of Willowlawn was oblivious to everything except some papers on his elaborately carved desk. Dibble always found a scrap of writing to read before an interview. He felt it created the proper mood; the boy would be ill at ease and consequently off his guard. He allowed a small amount of time to elapse before looking up. Finally his eyes rolled up and acknowledged the existence of the presence hovering in the door.

"Er, yes, you wish to see me?" a British-American voice inquired.

"I am Edward Taney, sir. I believe that you sent for me. I was told to be here at four promptly." This was the calm reply.

"Yes, er, Taney. Come on in lad, and please be seated. I'll only be a moment."

Dibble had become slightly unnerved at the calmness of the

boy's conduct. He decided to spend more time on the paper in front of him. The headmaster was at a loss when the interviewee was not nervous and quivering. He gloried in playing the tryant. His mouth began to move in a fish-like motion opening slightly and closing. Deftly he removed rimless glasses from a short and snout-like nose. These he thoughtfully studied before placing them on the desk.

"Taney, are you aware that this institution is not catering to the fag system. It gives me a great deal of displeasure to see this sort of thing spring up here at Willowlawn. It is not the way I want things to operate. Certainly it is nice that the boys are willing to do favors for one another, but a deplorable extreme seems to be emerging, and it shall not be tolerated here. Do I make myself clear?"

He leaned back comfortably in the plush leather chair. A chubby, well manicured hand slowly stroked the shiny mahogany of his desk. He viewed the boy through half closed eyes; a smile of contempt spread upon his face.

"Yes, I appreciate what you have said, sir. And may I ask, is that a portrait of Dr. Greenring, the first headmaster, behind your desk? I wouldn't have asked, but I am doing a paper on the history of Willowlawn. I would certainly love to have a closer look. Perhaps I shall even do some research on the artist."

There was not the slightest trace of a smile on the headmaster's face; he could not have answered Charles Laughton himself. This statement of Taney's left two soft pinkish lips parted. He instantly disliked the boy and made a mental note of thanks to all that he considered sacred no one else was present to witness this scene. Knobby fingers began to rap on the immaculate, blue blotter. A loose mouth was making rapid fish-like motions.

Edward had just finished examining the painting and was returning to his seat. His perceptive glance swiftly took in the narrowing eyes of Mr. Dibble. His own bright blue eyes darted to the rich oriental carpet. Slowly he let his glance slide up and rest on the now reddening features of his headmaster. A boyish grin danced innocently across his seemingly eager-to-please face.

"I realize the seriousness of your words, sir. They will not go unheeded. I am afraid that I had no idea that the situation was so very deplorable. I want to say in my own defense that it does embarrass me a great deal to have the other boys so eager to wait on me. I feel uncomfortable with a person unless we can be on equal terms. I think you must know and sympathize with how I feel."

Dibble stared at the boy a few moments before speaking. He was desperately fighting the impulse to stand and strike him. His thick hands longed to tighten about the thin neck.

"I am so glad that we were able to come to such a quick and easy understanding. That will be all Taney."

Again Edward flashed his disarming smile and left the office. His thoughts began to churn feverishly as they had functioned only a few weeks before. The prospect of a new challenge left the frail boy very light of heart. Something had to be done to alleviate this nasty headmaster situation. He began to hum a little tune as he pushed out into the fresh, clean air. There was a little skip in his

walk.

That night Edward denied himself the luxury of sleep. He sat brooding in the room's only arm chair. With his bare feet resting upon the battered desk along with opened text books, he absently twisted one lock of his mousy-colored hair after another. Bright eyes were fired on the night-encased window panes. He saw the greyish hint of dawn creep into the faint landscape before he snapped two thin fingers. The whisper of a sardonic smile eased itself upon an almost non-existent mouth.

"Herbie!" he bellowed at the sleeping lump on the far bed.

Herbert H. Herts, III was indeed a lump either in slumber or awake. His body was denied length but not breadth. Bright red hair topped the triangular figure. Weight was not the only problem that Edward's roommate experienced. His complexion would have been the delight of any aspiring dermitologist, and his I. Q. appeared to have been stunted sometime during the ninth year of his life. Edward found great use for the third Herbert H. Herts; he was a valet. Nothing was too small or too large a task for this worshipper of the Edwardian cult.

Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Herbie rallied to his master's call. He slowly swung short, thick legs from the bed and placed puffy, little feet upon the cold wooden floor. After a few tottering, unsure steps, he sank back upon the still warm bed.

"What in the world is the matter Edward? It's only quarter past six, and we don't have to get up for another hour. Has something happened?"

Herbie was studying his roommate thoughtfully. He was conscious of that look Edward wore when he was planning something. The little fat boy was beginning to get excited, for he could sense that the great brain was up to something. The greatest thrill was that he was going to be the first to know. He delighted in the knowledge that all the other boys would be plaguing him with questions, all wanting to know what Edward's next move would be. How he would enjoy this taste of glory! He closed his eyes and drew his feet up in sheer satisfaction.

"Edward, you have solved the Dibble problem. I knew that you could do it when you had enough time to think about it. You just have to tell me what we are going to do to the old goat. I hate Roger M. just as much as you do. Maybe even more. Tell me, tell me. I just can't stand not knowing."

Edward smiled patronizingly at his carrot-top roommate. This display of emotion annoyed him at the moment. Faint blue shadows contrasted with the brightness of his eyes. His head throbbed, and his whole body ached. Finally he spoke.

"Herbie, the only way to get Dibble is through the honor and the good name of Willowlawn. It must be done subtly, of course. We must find out everything that he does, and I think that I have just the solution . . . Someone will have to go into town and pick up some things I'll need to wire his office. I've decided that it's the only way to obtain accurate information."

"Please let me go and get the stuff. I want to do it very much. You won't have to worry about paying for anything; I'll do all of that."

"Fine, wonderful," sighed Edward. Things were going to run very smoothly he could see. Very smoothly indeed. He almost exposed yellow feathers when he smiled.

"Herbie, I want you to have Tiger, One Beer, Andrews and Nick Herndon meet me at the tennis courts during lunch break. At that time you'll rock into town for the necessary supplies. I do want to begin this project as soon as possible."

The fat boy was aglow with his new importance. He could hardly wait to begin. Aside from being Edward's right hand man, with all the subsequent glory which it would entail, he hated Roger M. Dibble from the very cockles of his fat little heart. Life would be pleasant without the champion of the Willowlawn way.

Noon found the tennis courts deserted except for a lone figure of medium height and slight build. He sat on one of the wooden benches beside the wire gate to the tennis courts. He alternated his waiting between glances at a watch encircling his wrist and a patch which led down from the main section of campus. Two figures engrossed in conversation appeared at the top of the hill. They quickened their pace when they saw Edward awaiting them.

"Sure hope we're not late," offered the tall blond, One Beer."

"Farnham wouldn't let us out of public speaking. Ah, the would-be orator," sneered Nick Herndon.

Just then a bent over figure crept out of the near by wooded area. The all-American boy emerged. Broad shoulders, light brown crew cut, pale blue eyes, and very even features. The arm of his thick white sweater was circled three times in a maroon color. An easy smile came to his lips as he greeted the trio.

"I thought that it would be best if we all weren't seen coming down here together. That wooded trek is sure something." This observation came from the star athlete known as Tiger.

By this time Andrews had appeared, and the boys went into a huddle. They discussed, argued, and finally voted in favor of Edward's plan. All agreed to meet by the administration building after lights out and final bed check. Viva la conspirators! Viva la conspiracy! Viva la wiring party.

Things went better than Edward had hoped. The boys had been able to set up the system in less than three hours and creep back to their beds undetected. It was indeed a brilliant piece of teamwork with Edward ably directing the team.

The next few weeks were uneventful. The Willowlawn way proceeded in its usual and tranquil course. A Charles Laughton film was shown one Saturday night. The headmaster and a handful of the student body made up the audience. A certain diction became more pronounced and clipped. The boys became more amused and the faculty more irate. Mr. Dibble failed to notice these signs.

On the fourth week, however, the entire campus became very much aware that everything was not quite right. There suddenly was an abundance of small straw dolls with painted faces. These voodoo counterparts were blemished with pins riddled through their little bodies, and at the corner of each plumpish mouth was a painted zigzag line. These represented Dibble; Edward let them pass because he did not want to retard one of Herbie's ideas. Herbie's ideas were conspicuous usually by their absence.

It was not until the fifth week that an explosion shook

Willowlawn to its very dignified core. A man in a conservative grey suit paid a visit to the headmaster's office. Certainly nothing was out of the ordinary, but this caller was from the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Edward's wiring system altered the delicacy and secrecy of the man's mission. One of the Willowlawn faculty members was under suspicion of belonging to the Communist Party. Mr. Dibble was appalled and offered his full co-operation in cleaning up the vulgar situation. Scandal was merely a dictionary word.

Edward was delighted. He took immediate action. He began to compose articles. A surge of patriotism overwhelmed the Taney lad. He was of the opinion that something so un-American should be exposed. His fellow country men should be enlightened. This reflected upon the reputation of the school and possibly even the headmaster. Edward was gleeful, it was his duty to expose the terrible matter which could not remain dormant. It might bring an ugly mark upon the reputation of the school and possibly even the headmaster. Edward was gleeful. It was his duty to expose the crime.

They worked tirelessly the next few days. He set up his headquarters in a cabin near the lake. This campaign certainly had a great brain. It also boasted of a small printing press that the boys were able to secure. This machine which was operated by hand turned out copy after copy of *The Voice*. Edward considered this a proper and fitting title for his little pamphlets. They were distributed throughout the campus. Willowlawn was bombarded quite regularly with these little papers.

Headmaster Dibble's pink mouth went into its fish routine as though it had a will of its own. He pulled and tore at his Loughton coiffure. He acted as though the Red Coats had finally fled American soil; his speech now bore traces of upstate New York. He was up against one of those ivy covered walls. Thoughts of indignant, elite parents raced through his clouding mind. The prospect of the trustees left the plump mouth slack and open.

The reign of terror raged on. Robespierre did not falter. The articles increased. Parents, trustees, other schools, and the newspapers were placed on the complimentary mailing lists. A slogan, "Drive the Red Force of Evil from Willowlawn," was printed up and nailed to every tree.

Black Tuesday dawned on Friday. A barrage of chauffeur-driven limousines churned the grey pebbles of the main drive. The administration building was thronged with the elegantly clad figures of the upper income bracket. Reporters and photographers zigzagged through the crowd. A dignified roar presided everywhere.

Five white haired men angrily emerged from the office of the headmaster. A murmur stirred the onlookers; these gentlemen were the trustees of Willowlawn. All wore grim expressions. Finally one of them signaled the people to be silent. He then made the announcement that both Mr. Dibble and the professor under suspicion had been dismissed. He went on further to explain that the entire matter had been very poorly handled. He regretted the unpleasantness of the situation, but things were now under control. This speech seemed to satisfy the parents. Relief flooded their taut and strained faces.



Out on the lawn a reporter had cornered a boy of medium height and slight build. The newspaper man was writing quickly in a notebook. He signaled a photographer to come and take a picture. Bulbs flashed, and Edward exposed his innocent smile. It showed all the pleasure he received from a job well done.

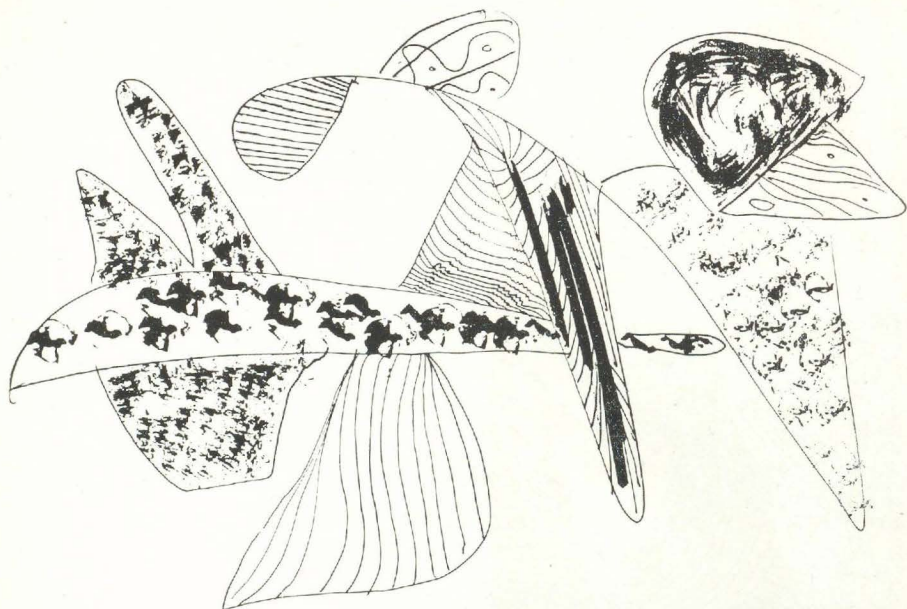
"Thanks a lot, sonny," barked the reporter.

"You're quite welcome, sir. I am only glad that this was caught before anything of consequence happened," Edward drooled in a sugary tone.

His grin broadened when he thought of something that President Herber Hoover had said, "*A good many things go around in the dark besides Santa Claus.*"

And that night, as he sat in the room, enjoying in the lamplight his surrounding darkness his favorite F. B. I. story, meant, seemingly, just for Willowlawn. He chuckled aloud, thinking of the fun next year promised, when the distinguished scions of another new class of junior ivy leaguers would swell the ranks of his followers. His eyes lingered almost paternally over the words: "*A good many things go around in the dark . . .*" But as he turned the page with lingering amusement, his glance fell upon the forgotten phrase which concluded; "*. . . but there is always the dawn.*"

Theresa Kujawski, '63



Cordelia Riegel, '63

Poem

Lori Vink, '65

I

What is this life that runs so long,
Runs so quickly and is gone;
Now is here and yet to come
And then is done?

II

Winter rain and Autumn song
First are two and then are none
Once a moment seemed to last
And it was past.

III

All the ages live in layers
Crying out their hurt in prayers
Looking back to other years
To hide their tears.

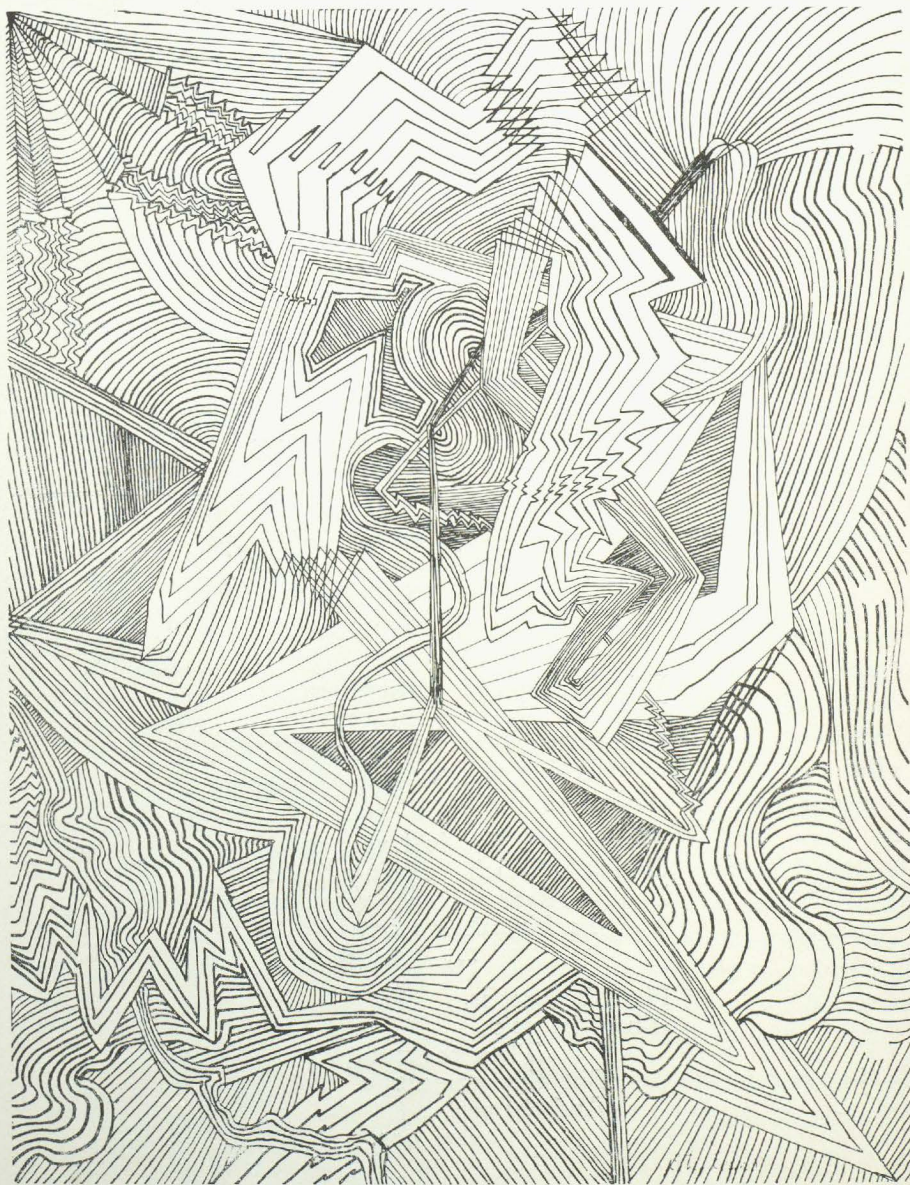
IV

First the hurt is,
Then the pain,
Then the sun
But the moment
And the past
Are one.

The Wreck

Betsy Lydle, '63

*Black wisps with gold above,
And two dark forms tangled
In pretense underneath,
And pressure, hurting,
Painting, until red and orange
Are blue and green. Then black
Is blacker, lost unto oblivion.*



Betsy Evans, '63

Nothing

Pat Hurston, '64

The black soap bubble
drifted under the neon sign
and dis-integrated.

Inside

Protoplasm

Stirred

and tried to shut lidless eyes in
Vain.

Come with me and we will look
to see LIFE in a Rain . . . drop
and Understand
when it has evaporated
to
n o t h i n g n e s s

WHY WON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

Life is just not a
Complex of Carbon atoms
linking Heaven to Hell.
What's the use . . .
you can't understand.

here lies the word
MISS*TAKEN

Flamboyantly the preacher,
 "Love is Three,"
 Smugly the lovers,
 "Love is We,"
 Pretentiously the servant,
 "Love is Thee,"
 Humbly the child,
 Love is ME."

CHILD!

What do you know about Love
 about Life.
 you who wail
 when you're hungry.
 O jealous selfish sinner!
 Teach us the meaning of
 Happiness.

i was born
 of that which is IN ALL
 which is OF ALL
 which IS ALL.
 as such
 i am

The child
 Creates Life with Breath
 bu
 p b
 a b
 in a o l
 s e
 - e-x-p-a-n-d-i-n-g -
 the bluegreen film
 too frail to bind its essence
 diffuses and dissolves to namelessness
 and the child laughs
 with satisfaction.

to have Courage
to comprehend
Indestructability,
the Oneness
of Death in Life
of Time in Eternity
of Form in Formless
of One in All
because One is All,
is the ironic condition
for achieving
Contentment.



Theresa Kujawski, '63

An American Noh

Pat Hurston, '64

Scene. A bus station. There is a crowd of people standing on the ramp. People are carrying suitcases. It is misty and cold, and the quantity of fog gives the stage an eerie effect. On a raised platform is a surrealistic suggestion of the bus which the people are waiting to board. Large cutouts of the bus windows are suspended behind the chairs. There is a girl sitting in the window-seat near the front of this bus, and there is a stack of schoolbooks, a large-sized purse, and a winter coat strewn over the seat beside her. She is reading a book. The lights come up slowly so that the audience is first aware of the crowd as a collection of silhouettes in the fog, and then, as the interior lights of the bus come up, the attention is focused onto the girl, reading. A bus driver makes his way up the ramp and boards the bus. He puts down his equipment he has brought on for the journey, checks the packet of ticket stubs, and walks to the back of the platform to check ticket stubs.

Conductor: Tickets, please, have your tickets ready. Passengers continuing through to Williamsburg, Newport News, and Norfolk, please show your tickets.

Girl: Just a second, it was here a minute ago. It's a round-trip ticket to Williamsburg - name's Matthew, Diana Matthew, but I guess that wouldn't help, name's not on the ticket - but I do have one. I got on in Washington, and . . . I just don't know where it could have gotten to, but it's got to be here someplace . . . oh, here it is! (She produces ticket, driver looks at it, hands it back to her, moves on down aisle. She starts to put ticket back in purse, changes mind, and puts it in wallet, puts wallet in purse, re-arranges coat and books, and re-settles herself. Resumes reading.

Enter a Sailor, seaman 3rd class, walks to seat behind girl, begins to stow gear on overhead rack. Notices girl reading and peers at book on seat beside her. He sits down in seat behind her and tries to make up his mind whether or not to approach her. Pause.

Sailor: *Values in a Universe of Chance*, have you found any yet? (No response from the girl) That's by Peirce, isn't it?

G: Why, yes!

S: American Pragmatist?

G: That's right. (Somewhat skeptical, but interested) Have you read anything by him?

S: Yeah, I tried to get through *The Will To Believe* once, but I never did finish it. There's something fishy about pragmatism, even though it looks great at first glance.

G: I'm inclined to agree with you. Have you read any Spinoza?

S: No, looked through most of the others, though - Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Hume, Berkeley - but I decided to find my answers on my own. I've wasted enough time swinging through intellectual jungle-gymns. (Pause) Say, would you mind if I came up and sat with you, I'd like to talk to you some more.

G: Sure. Why not?

(Sailor moves to seat next to girl, moves her books to overhead rack. During this time the bus starts up, inside lights of the bus go out, Sailor flicks on the individual lights over their seats.)

S: How far are you going?

G: Williamsburg.

S: That glorified tribute to colonialism?

G: I'm going to see a boy.

S: Oh.

G: How about you?

S: Eventually Norfolk. My ship sails day after tomorrow. But until then I travel from nowhere to anywhere and back again. (Pause) Funny you should be reading Pierce. Haven't seen that book in years, not since school . . .

G: Where did you go?

S: Out West. Went for two years, but got fed up, so I quit.

G: And "joined the Navy to see the world"?

S: More like to "meet" the world. See, when I was at school, I was a writer of sorts.

G: Prose or poetry?

S: Poetry. Got pretty good too. Even won the school literary prize in '59 - well, I tied for it with another guy - and the next year they asked me to edit the literary magazine, but I never went back. Don't know what was wrong with college, but it never got me inspired. Mind if I smoke? (G. shakes head, and S. lights up cigarette. The smoke seems to increase in quantity, and at the same time the fog outside the bus thickens.) Strange night out. Back home they say that when the fog swallows the moon like this, it means a shadow from the past has eaten someone's soul and is glowing with life again. (A figure, a black "Shadow" emerges from behind the Sailor's chair, looks around, and slowly descends to the lower level. The Shadow is completely covered in black with a black stocking over its head to distort the features. Shadow uses interpretive dance to convey the theme of the story as vocalized by the two characters. Overhead lights above Sailor and Girl dim until one is more aware of their voices than the actors themselves. There is a screen across a portion of the stage, and at appropriate times slides are projected on it.) Kind of creepy, but it makes for a good story to tell to kids on Halloween. (Pause) Actually, I'm not satisfied with the stuff I wrote. Oh, it's good don't get me wrong, but it's missing something. Don't understand what it is exactly, but it just doesn't communicate the heart of my ideas. Maybe if I travel enough and talk with enough types of people, I'll be able to express what I want to . . .

G: Has going into the service done any good?

(First slide. Dock activity as men prepare to cast off lines. This slide should emphasize the concept of the sailor as a mechanical serial number, having no will of his own, but completely subservient to a regimented system.)

S: No, met some interesting people, though. Guess I sort of surprised you. The "image of the promising artist posing as a boatswain's mate to gather experience," but I figure the only way you can really write about people is to get out and live with them,

and work with them, and observe them. That's why I like to ride the buses. (Pause) Oh, I could tell you some stories - been picked up for vagrancy a couple times, gotten into my share of brawls, and trouble just seems to stalk me, not that I go looking for it, you understand. But, I guess that doesn't mean anything. I guess nothing matters when you come right down to it.

G: Do you really believe that?

S: What?

G: That nothing matters, that there is no meaning.

S: Don't know. (Pause) Sometimes I think life's just a warped record being played at the wrong speed so that merit and justice go flying off in every which way no matter what you do. Ever heard of Commander Dougan? No, I guess you wouldn't. But he was a friend of my family's. (Second slide - worn family snapshot of man in uniform, but with his head cut off by the top of the photograph, his wife, and small child clinging to father's feet.) Won a Navy Cross in the last war, a chaplain, and what happens to him? Gets killed by some drunk hit-and-run driver . . . leaving behind a wife and two year old brat. Fine reward for devotion to his country and to humanity. Terrific way to repay his wife's fidelity. And what about the kid? Talk about a twentieth century Rimbaud! Can you imagine the gnawing frustration that kid has gone through? He hears all these stories about how great a guy his father was, and what a perfect couple he and his wife made before the war and the kid comes to like the guy, and wants to get to know him. But, of course, he can't. So, he goes around to all the people he can think of who knew his father, and asks them questions, and tries to analyze their stories and recreate his image . . . but, it never comes out the way it should . . . So, he tries to do what his dad did, and works his way up through the ranks, and travel the same places, and he thinks maybe by becoming like him, he can know him . . . but all he can do is go on looking, and analyzing, and wondering, and asking . . . (Despairingly) How do you get meaning out of something like that?

G: (Pause) Guess the whole world's pretty senseless when you come right down to it. But that doesn't mean you can condemn it. This world's what you make it, and it's not going to go your way all the time, and you can't expect it to. But you can see what you want to see, and it's just as easy to look for good as it is to smash everything man has achieved and reduce him to the level of the apes.

S: You've never known tragedy, have you?

G: No, not really, I guess I'm just a hopeless idealist - a bit inclined toward the pragmatic, but nevertheless an idealist. Maybe I'll change my mind later on when something hits me directly, but somehow I doubt it. I believe too strongly that there is some meaning, some principle behind this whole chaotic mess. (Slide #3 - nebulae spiraling - shadow rejects this slide.)

S: I want to believe you, but you don't really convince me.

G: I can't convince you, and I don't intend to try. Stop being so lazy! You say you're looking for your own answers. Well, you'll never find them until you can face yourself, and stop

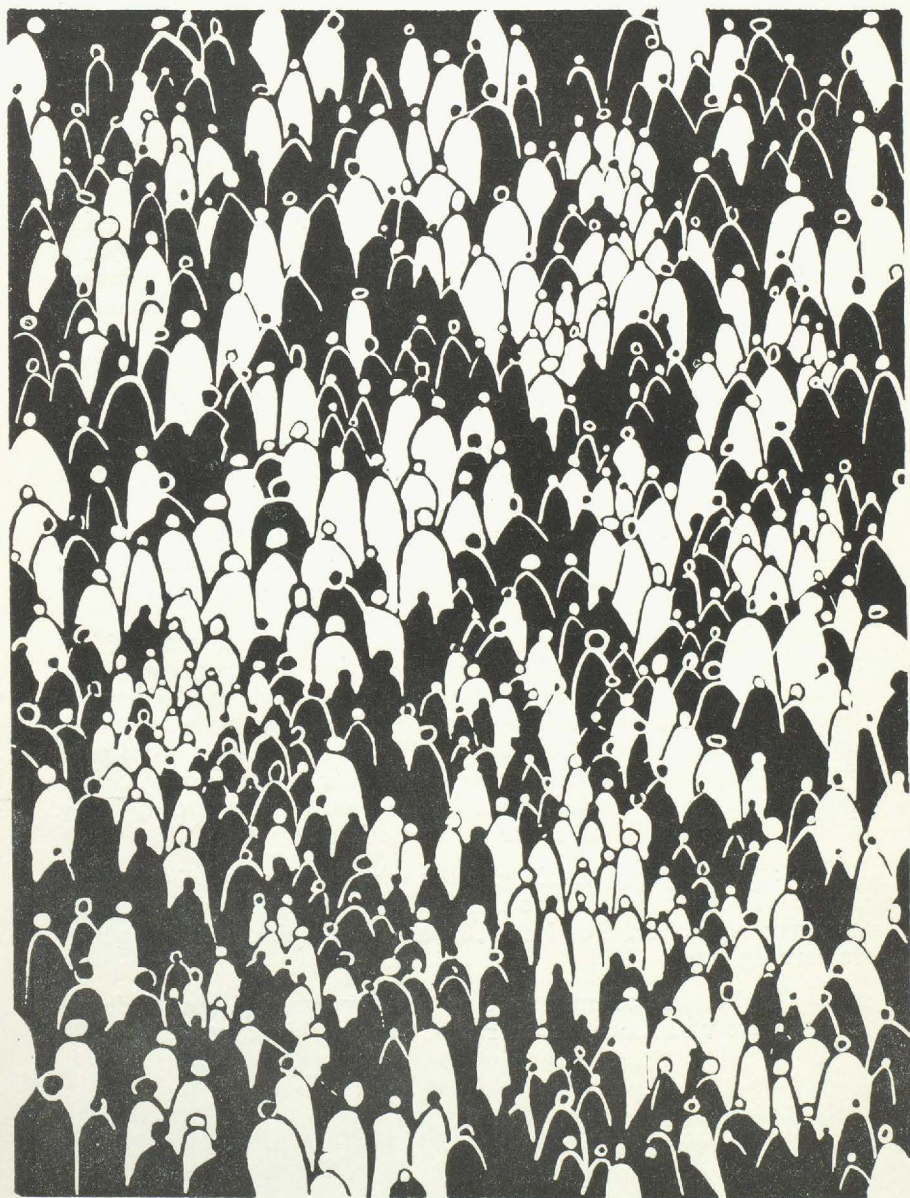
asking everyone to supply you with proofs. You're trying to understand reality by chopping it up with a meat cleaver, and analyzing each morsel, and it just can't be done, because reality isn't logical or coherent, it just is, and always will be. Take all your dissections and try to put them back together and understand the whole, the unity. I can't explain it, but it's a way of looking at things that doesn't need explanation to make you satisfied. I think you can sense what I mean, but in order to understand what I'm talking about, you can't feel sorry for yourself or what you think others have done to you. You just have to accept the given and look beyond yourself to find your answers. (Pause) It's standing on a cliff and feeling the ocean waves crash over the rocks below, or lying in a meadow and looking up into the painful blue of a cloudless sky, or watching a raindrop run down a blade of grass to be absorbed into the warm, damp earth. (Pause) It's looking within ghostly windowpanes to discover the image of the eternal as you must look through a teardrop to comprehend reality. (Shadow kneels by Sailor. Bus lights flash on, blackout, flash on again. During the blackout, the shadow has re-disappeared into the false back of the Sailor's chair.) (Pause) Well, this is where I get off. I don't even know your name, but then that makes no difference. It's been very nice. Have a good trip from here on.

Conductor: This is Williamsburg, Virginia. Passengers continuing through to Newport News and Norfolk will return to your seats in ten minutes. All other passengers must change buses.

(Sailor helps girl with her books, carries her suitcase off bus and hands it to Young Man who is waiting on the ramp. He is also a silhouette in the fog. Young man and girl exit. Sailor returns to seat and sees his image reflected in the bus window. This image is actually the "shadow" who is now dancing exaltingly on a platform raised to the level of and behind the window. Sailor stops, somewhat startled, then begins peering at it, completely fascinated, as if he had never really noticed it before.)

S: It's looking within ghostly windowpanes to discover the image of the eternal as you must look through a teardrop to comprehend reality. You know, Bob Dougan, she just might have something there.

(Lights dim to only spot on shadow dancing, then fade till only aware of silhouettes on ramp. Fade to blackout.)



Ethel Armstrong, '63

Like The Raven - A Parody

David Jackson

James Monroe High School

I was like napping, Daddy O, when I heard this cool type-tapping,
Tapping with the coolest beat, with a swing really neat.
Go to it, O Raven.

A raven at my pad, crying over a mate I'd had,
My cool baby Lenore, gone now and ain't no more.
Go to it, O Raven.

I says to Raven, "Glad that you made the scene to my pad,"
But can the tears, for Lenore she ain't here."
Go to it, O Raven.

Raven, perched upon my paint, I says again "Lenore she ain't."
Hearing this made him roar, says the Raven "Nevermore?"
Go to it, O Raven.

Raven had messed up my paint, all for Babe Lenore who ain't,
So I made like motion to the door, says the Raven, "Nevermore."
Go to it O Raven.

Raven shook by my sign, still was crying over babe of mine,
So I says to Raven, "you is a bore," says the Raven, "Nevermore."
Go to it, O Raven.

Raven cut by my jive says, "I gotta cut, oh man alive.
I says to Raven, "Here's the door, says the Raven, "Nevermore."
Go to it O Raven.

Raven cut to another pad, I like made him very sad,
That I lost my chick Lenore, says the Raven, "Nevermore."
Go to it, O Raven.

Exitium

Peggy Hall, '63

An oak, tall and slender
stands impenetrable
To the woodsman's tool
of sharp steel.

Nearby a twisted aspen
beckons in the breeze.
Swaying this way and that
calling, fluttering, wanting . . .

Then comes the wind
the aspen reaches again.
The oak stands assured
of itself.

Frenzy-whipped it clings
aspen to oak.
The branches intertwine
in safe embrace.

Away with the storm
Has it gone—so soon?
Where once stood two
now there is one.

Grotesque in its beauty
this two-in-one.
Where is the tall
cool strength that looked
Towards the sun?

From the base of the aspen
a tiny growth creeps and
Twines upwards
enmeshing both in its
Shiny green leaves.

This way and that way it twists
and turns
Binding one to the other
stronger than
Cords

The oak shudders and tries
to escape . . .
Too late.
A last feeble effort
Now.

Ever beckoning the aspen sings through
the days.
As the growth curls tighter and tighter
gleaming and
Killing.

A Walk to Wishfulthinking

Patricia Lane, '64

The professor was walking in the country one day, and by afternoon he had walked so far that he reached the boundary of his state. Before him he saw a sign saying "Wishfulthinking." He walked on into the land to observe what he could, because he was a philosopher and, naturally, he was interested in everything.

As he walked on, he began to hear loud yells and shouts. He hurried ahead to discover what the cause of these sounds was, for he was an empiricist, and in order to prove to himself that he had actually heard a sound he must find an object that could have made the sound which gave him the idea that he had heard a sound. So he ran along gazing furtively around.

At last he came to a clearing, on either side of which there was a pile of rocks. Behind each pile there was a man. These two were throwing rocks at each other; both had wide grins on their faces and, in fact, they both seemed to be quite happy. At times one of the men would hit the other, and then both would come down from their posts, run out into the middle of the clearing, and the man who had been hit would shake the hand of the man who had hit him. After this ceremony, both would run around behind their rocks again and begin hurling rocks toward his neighbor.

The professor (having dabbled in behavioral psychology as well as empiricism) was very interested, and he sat down on the ground to watch the proceedings. A few hours later, after one of the men had been severely knocked on the head, both men threw down their rocks. They walked into the center of the clearing, wrung each other by the hand, and started to walk away. The professor leaped up from his place, scattering the vast piles of notes he had been taking.

"Hold, friends," he cried, "I am curious as to the nature of the proceedings before me." He then introduced himself and his vast number of degrees (which took well-nigh unto an hour).

The gentleman who had been hit last was bleeding rather profusely and said if they would excuse him he would lie down, which he did halfway through "down". The professor wanted to know all the particulars of the scene he had witnessed, and the gentleman left standing proceeded to explain. He informed the professor that he had never been able to stand the slant of his eyebrows (he indicated the gentleman sprawled out on the ground). Further, the other had always had a particular aversion to the way he cut his fingernails. The Great God Lockesandbagels however, of whom they were a creation, had intended them to love and revere each other. He had set up as law freedom and equity for all.

The gentleman paused in his speech at this point, drew himself up proudly, and finished. He said that with regard to love and reverence, both he and his neighbor had acted properly. Did not the professor observe how each hurled his rocks with a great ben-

evolence (as manifested in their grins) and reasons (as manifested in their taking careful aim)? Each had shown the reverence for the other whenever each man achieved a lucky throw. Finally, the equality of both had been recognized; each man had been allowed an equal number of hits.

The professor eagerly jotted down all the man had said, thanked him properly, and proceeded on his way. Shortly afterwards, he came across two farmers who seemed to be having quite a tussle. They stood face to face with a fence separating them. Each held the end of a piece of string in his hand; both were tugging it back and forth vigorously. At the mid-point of the string was the eagerly coveted prize—a cucumber.

The professor (having studied agricultural psychosis in his spare time) was very curious about the reason for these actions, and the farmers, between huffs and puffs, agreed to explain.

The fence separating their properties had not been enough of a guard to keep out a drifting seed from the one farmer's field to the other farmer's field. One of the farmers said that this must be the case because he knew his neighbor did not raise cucumbers. (At this point there were a few jerks on the part of the other farmer and then the first farmer continued).

The Great God Lockesandbagels had said that whatever land man worked himself, and the fruits thereof, were his. Since he had raised the cucumber vine and the stray cucumber seed had come from that vine, the cucumber was his.

The other farmer denied this. Perhaps the original cucumber seed had been his neighbor's once it had drifted into his land and settled, then its growth should be attributed to him. With this, he gave a tremendous jerk, but the other was not fooled. He pulled twice as hard as before, and the professor left them there struggling.

Soon the professor approached what appeared to be the outskirts of a town. On his way into the town he observed a group of people who were seated around tables. These individuals were talking in agreeable voices and at the same time were kicking each other in the shins.

There was a gentleman seated at one of the tables who was holding another man on a leash. The gentleman would from time to time give a scrap to the leashed man and from time to time a kick. But, the slave explained to the professor, he was not really a slave; he and the gentleman with the aggressive feet had merely entered into a compact "for a limited power on one side and obedience on the other." According to the Great God Lockesandbagels, one cannot pass the power he has over his own life to another; thus it was impossible for him to be called a slave (this last was said rather quickly as the gentleman holding the leash suddenly leaped up and walked off).

"Remember," cheerfully gurgled the young man, "Even if I were a slave I could always refuse to obey and have my throat cut."

As the professor walked on into the center of the town, he came upon a crowd of people who had just finished beating a man with pillows; they were currently in the process of dividing his property. Upon inquiring politely, the professor was informed that this man had committed a transgression for which all were punishing him (with a soft punishment since the crime was a minor one). The transgression had been committed against all of them (the individual in question had a pig which had *invaded with malice* the property of his neighbors), so they were taking their just due. Suddenly they discovered that there were not enough belongings to go around; here was a fresh transgression committed against society (or the ones who had been left out of the dividing). Several people began to flourish their pillows again but they were stopped by a voice that bid them halt.

The professor, who had been jotting down notes all this while, had reached his final equation. He leaped out in front of the group (who were rather disgruntled—after all justice was waiting to be served). He spoke.

"People of Wishfulthinking, I have observed much of your way of life in the brief time that I have been among you. From these observations I have concluded that you are a kind, benevolent, reasonable people who hate each other violently. Now, this state of nature you are in is all very well but do you not recognize its inconveniences? Your judgements are too just and you are much too reasonable. You do have a saving quality though, and that is a basic depravity which has unlimited possibilities if put to the right use. What I say my friends, is that you are now ready to become a political state. In this state you will be free to develop this latent quality; you may hate freely and if you do not hate anyone you may revolt against the government which will be created for that purpose. Judgements will be made by those you elect to govern you; they will judge cases just as you would and thus you may trust them just as much as you trust yourselves . . ."

The professor continued on in such a fashion for a few hours. At dawn he decided that it was time to return to his own state. On the road he saw two men: one looked rather dejected, his chin hung over so far that it nearly touched his sweater across which was written a big "L"; the other walked with a skipping step, laughing and singing so much that one could hardly read his letter "H."

"I told you so, I told you so," sang the "H," but the professor had no time to listen; he was late for his Modern Metaphysics class already.

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